

Axle

by Trivette Lover Heather

Category: NCIS
Genre: Angst, Tragedy
Language: English
Characters: Ducky M., Leroy Jethro Gibbs, Tony D.
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-12 01:09:28
Updated: 2016-04-12 01:09:28
Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:35:09
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 534
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: If there is anything in life he was certain of, it was change. It was inevitable. It was the god-forsaken axle on which his life turned.

Axle

AN: Yes, it really is me. And yes, I had to write a cathartic piece to help me with DiNozzo leaving the team at the end of this season. My usual angst will ensue. Enjoy.

* * *

><p>If there is anything in life he was certain of, it was change.<p>

It was inevitable.

It was the god-forsaken axle on which his life turned.

"Jethroâ€|?" Ducky had navigated through the destruction on the upper level of his friends home and managed to make it through unscathed to the basement steps.

He was unsure if he should descend.

There was glass, splintered wood and shattered remnants of the most recent boat he had begun.

Gibbs didn't look up at the mention of his name, nor did he plan to.

Ducky made it down to the top of the second set before sitting down and wiping a tired hand over his face. "There are no words Jethroâ€|"

"Then don't bother." He stood up from the cement resting place from the night before.

"I came to help." He swallowed back a sob at the last word. He had planned to maintain an element of composure for the visit.

Gibbs still hadn't made eye contact, reaching for one of the last jars left and slamming it across the opposite wall. "There is NO HELPING this!" He hollered for emphasis.

Ducky flinched at the sound and stood up to dust himself off. "I will go." He reached the top of the steps before he heard a faint whisper. "What was that?"

"He counted on me." Gibbs managed a second time.

"No one could have foreseen that."

"He counted on ME!" Another jar hit the opposite wall, followed by the slamming of his hands against his chest. "DiNozzo is dead because he counted on me—he counted on me and I wasn't there!"

Ducky remained at the top of the steps. "You did not kill Anthony."

"I sure as hell didn't save him."

"I suppose not," the ME didn't argue. "I know you Jethro and I know better than to question what you have decided to believe, but I believe things as well. I believe Anthony had choices, I believe he was brave and I believe he would want you to know that if given the option again, he would have chosen to save Timothy, no matter the outcome." He swallowed and continued. "You loved him, deeply, he knew that—nothing else matters now."

Gibbs' back was to him as he let a few bitter tears inch down his face. "Thought you said there were no words?"

Ducky set his jaw firm. "Sometimes you're wrong."

He remembered his last written rule vividly. "I hate this."

His friend nodded in agreement. "I don't suppose there's one more jar down there for me to throw?"

Gibbs dug through a pile on the floor and handed it to him after he made his way over to his side. Ducky took this opportunity to clasp his friend's hand as he held it out. "It will be alright."

It was then he heard another faint whisper from Gibbs as the glass shattered against the wall.

"No it won't."

End
file.